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If your mother asks you whether you broke her beautiful vase, speak the truth. p. 11.

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SABBATH TALKS,

WITH THE LITTLE CHILDREN,

ABOUT

JESUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE."

"The sower soweth the word."

BOSTON:
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DEDICATION.

TO

MY DEAR LITTLE PUPILS,

ADAN AND KITTY,

WITH MANY PRAYERS.

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SABBATH TALKS.

JESUS WAS OBEDIENT.

Come to me, little child, I will tell you a story of the best boy that ever lived. He was once a little baby. All children were babies once. Some babies are fretful and cry; but this was not a fretful baby. He was gentle and patient, and loving. He had a good mother, and he began to obey her when he was very small. When he lay in his cradle he obeyed his mother. Shall I

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tell you how? You know little babies cannot talk. They can only tell what they want by crying. If they are hungry they cry. If they are cold thy cry. If they are in pain they cry. Babies like to be carried about the room, and to be held in somebody's arms. But mothers cannot always hold their little babies nor be always walking with them. Very small babies know what their mothers mean when they do not take them up, but bid them lie still on the bed, or in the cradle; and some babies will cry very long and hard, and be quite naughty. But this little baby of whom I am speaking, learned very soon when his mother wished him to lie still, and he was obedient and did not cry, but lay quite still

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and quiet till she was ready to take him. After a while he grew so large he could creep about the floor. You know babies creep before they can walk. You have seen little Willie creeping. How pretty he looked. Dear little boy! When babies begin to creep, they want to take hold of every thing they can reach, and they must be taught better. Little Willie must not put his fingers on the fender — he will be burned. He must not take hold of grandpapa's heavy cane — it will fall upon his head. His mother must shake her head, and say, "No, no; Willie must not touch;" and soon Willie will know what his mother means. Perhaps he will mind her, and creep away; but if he does not, she must snap his little

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fingers, and teach him in that way. This little baby of whom I told you, never had his fingers snapped. As soon as he could understand what his mother meant, he touched nothing which she told him to leave. Do you not think she loved him? Sweet baby! he sat in her lap, and put his tiny hand on her face, and cooed in his loving way; but he never grieved her. She never had to speak sharply to him. She never called him a naughty baby. If he wanted some pretty thing he saw, she had only to say "no," and he would always leave it pleasantly. Perhaps he was sometimes sick, but he would open his little mouth and take whatever was given him.

He grew and grew, and soon was old

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enough to walk, and follow his father and mother about the house; and wherever he went, he was the same obedient little boy. They never had to tell him twice what they wished him to do. If his mother called him from his play to learn his lesson, he came without waiting a moment. If she had friends come to see her, and told him not to talk, you would see him sitting quietly at her side, but never speaking unless he was spoken to. If he was jumping and singing, and she told him not to make a noise, he would be still at once. If he asked for any thing and she said "no," he never asked again. He always obeyed her cheerfully, and quickly, with a smile on his pleasant

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face, and not with sour looks and slow steps, and grumbling words.

He grew to be a tall boy, but he did not think himself too old to mind his father and mother. His father was a carpenter, and he worked in his father's shop, always doing whatever he was told promptly and well. He obeyed his parents when they were absent, as faithfully as when they could see him. If they went away, they were not afraid to leave him; they knew he would be good. They never had to look sorrowfully upon him. They never had to punish him.

Even when he was a man, he was an obedient son, and his mother's heart always rejoiced in him. Will you try to be like him? Then your father and mother

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will be very happy, and God will smile upon you. Now, I wish you to learn these verses: —

"Saint Joseph was a humble man,
A carpenter by trade;
And yet whatever Joseph said,
Our blessed Lord obeyed.

"And Mary was Saint Joseph's wife,
And poor and humble too; —
Yet whatsoe'er his mother bade,
Would Jesus always do.

"And thus he taught each little child,
If he would please the Lord,
That he must do his father's will,
And mind his mother's word."

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JESUS WAS TRUTHFUL.

"MOTHER, you promised to tell us more about that good little boy whose name was Jesus."

Come to me then, and listen attentively, for I tell you about him because I wish you to be like him. I told you he was obedient. He was also always truthful. A great many little children are not careful to speak always the exact truth; but Jesus never spoke or acted falsely. Every body who knew him believed and trusted his word. If his father or mother left home, they knew that Jesus would tell them truly every thing he had done

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in their absence. He hid nothing from them. He never said, "Don't tell mother;" or, "I hope father will not find it out." He never did things that would grieve or displease his mother, when she was out of sight, and then hide it from her. He never pretended to be doing one thing when he was really doing another. He told the whole truth. From the time he first began to speak till he was a man, not one word of deceit ever passed his lips. If any one asked him why he did this, or that, he always gave the true reason. His life was truth. He hated falsehood. He hates it now. He cannot smile on those who speak or act in an untruthful manner. If you wish to please him and be like him, you

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will be always truthful. Such little children he loves.

If your mother asks you whether you broke her beautiful vase, speak the truth. No matter how bad you feel about it, speak the truth. Even if you know she will punish you, speak the truth. Be like Jesus. Be brave. He would not tell an untruth to save his life. He stood up manfully and told the truth to those who hated him, and who wished to kill him. It is better to please him and be like him, than to escape any evil, or gain any good.

Act the truth. Do you know what that means? When you are older you will learn. Say it over to yourself. Act the truth. Sometimes when you are

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tempted to be deceitful, you will remember it, and it will help you to do right. You wish to have your father and mother think you are good. Be good then; do always what you know will please them; that will be acting truly. You wish gentlemen and ladies to think you polite and gentle. Be polite and gentle always, at home and in company. You will then be acting truly. Never try to make any one think you are better than you are, but always try to be just what you wish them to think you. You wish your little playmates, and brothers and sisters, to love you and believe you. Be gentle, loving, and sincere to them. You will then be acting as you try to appear, and that will be acting truth.

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You have read the story of little Edward and the squirrel. Edward spoke the truth, although he lost his wheelbarrow. Edward was like Jesus.

Little Mary and her sister were playing with their babyhouse. They had been forbidden ever to have water, but this day they had got some, and they had shut the door because they knew they were doing wrong. They heard their mother's step in the entry. They hid the little pitcher with the water in it, and when their mother came in, they were busily playing, and she called them good little girls, and smiled pleasantly because they were so happy. But they were not good. They were untruthful. They were not at all like Jesus. Their

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dear mother thought them obedient, and they were not.

A child who is untruthful is called a liar; and Jesus has said no liar shall ever live in heaven with him.

Be truthful when you pray. Those who pray speak to God; and it is not truthful to kneel down and say the words of a prayer and not think whom you are speaking to, and what you are saying: God is not pleased, and you are not like Jesus when you say your prayer carelessly.

"When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

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"Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

"O, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart."

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JESUS WAS MEEK.

"I am meek and lowly of heart."

Do you know what it is to be meek? I will try to help you to understand it. If you were playing with your little companions, and one of them should snatch away your hoop or your ball, you would be very likely to feel angry, and begin to cry, or run after him, and speak cross, and try to snatch it back again. But if, instead of doing so, you should keep down all angry feelings, and speak mildly, and quietly ask him to give it back to you, that would be showing a meek spirit. If some mischief has been done,

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and your sister says, "There, you did that!" when you did not do it, you will perhaps speak very impatiently to her in return. But if you say gently, "No, I do not know who did it; it was so when I came into the room," that will be a meek answer. If any body speaks harshly to you, and you look up kindly and speak pleasantly, you will be a meek child.

Jesus was always meek. No one ever heard him give an angry answer. If things did not please him, he never kicked nor stamped upon the floor. He asked pleasantly for what he wanted, and if he could not have it, he said no more. If he was sent early to bed, he did not pout, but went cheerfully and quietly.

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If you had seen him being dressed, you would never have found a cross look on his face, nor seen him twitch impatiently away, nor heard any unkind words from his lips. If those around him were out of temper, he never was. He smiled sweetly, and spoke lovingly, and gently, and moved quietly and meekly about, as if all were as pleasant as himself.

He was meek when he was a little boy, and he was a meek man. Wicked men abused him, but he never returned an angry or unkind answer. They called him hard names, but he did not call them by any. They said he was wicked. They tried to hurt him. Once they tried to push him off from a steep hill and kill him. One man struck him in the face.

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Another spit upon him. They laughed at him. They whipped him. They nailed him to a cross. It makes you almost angry to think of it. But he was not angry. He did not hate those wicked men. He prayed to God to forgive them. "Father, forgive them," he said; "they know not what they do."

Will you try to be meek? Will you try to be like Jesus? Do you not love to think of him? It makes us happy to be meek. It saves us a great deal of trouble. Sometimes it is hard to answer gently when we are spoken harshly to; but we can learn. Jesus will help us if we ask him. I hope you will be learning every day. Keep down the angry feelings. If your little brother breaks your

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playthings, do not speak cross to him. Be meek and kind. Speak gently to him, and tell him better. He is a little boy, and you should set him a good example. He will do as you do. If you speak cross, so will he. If you grow like Jesus, so will he. If any body wrongs you, don't grow impatient and cry. Be meek and quiet, and they will not do it again. If you are meek, you will be loved very much, and will make all around you happy.

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JESUS PLEASED NOT HIMSELF.

Little children almost always wish to please themselves. Some children are very discontented and cross if they cannot please themselves. See little George. He has scattered his playthings all about his mother's parlor. He knows better. The parlor is not the place for playthings. When his mother comes in she will be very sorry. If her friends come to see her she will be ashamed to have her parlor in such confusion. George likes to please himself. He don't see why he cannot play there. He does not want to stay always in the nursery. He has not thought of pleasing his mother, but only

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himself. George is not like Jesus. He pleased not himself. He thought of what would please his father and mother first, and did as they wished.

James and Henry are playing together. "Come," says James, "let's run a race." "No," answers Henry, "I want to roll hoop now, and after a while we will run." "I won't roll hoop at all; I want to run," says James; and away he goes, never stopping to please Henry, but doing just what he likes himself.

James is not like Jesus. He would have said, "What shall we play, Henry?" He thought of others before himself.

Look at Mary sitting in the corner, her eyes full of tears, her lips pouting out,

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her pretty face all sour and cross. Speak to her. How she twitches, and shakes her shoulders! What is the matter with Mary? Sister Annie will not come and play with her. Annie has a lesson to learn. She cannot spend time to play now. Pretty soon she will come. But Mary is not satisfied with that. She wishes to please herself. She is not like Jesus. Never in his life did any one see him looking so unamiable.

Jesus was always unselfish. If his mother was too busy to attend to him, he quietly waited till she could. If he wished to do one thing and she asked him to do another, he always pleased his mother, not himself. If his brothers asked him to leave his play, and do some-

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thing for them, he pleased his brothers instead of himself. No one ever saw him taking the largest piece of cake, or the largest apple, or the ripest peach. The best of any thing he had he always gave to his mother, or some one else, and it made him happy to see others pleased and happy. If his little companions came to see him, he would bring his nicest play-things, and prettiest books, and do all he could for their enjoyment.

If they said, "Let us play this, or read that," he said, "Yes," and did always as they wished. To be unselfish is to be lovely. Some never learn to be unselfish. You must learn to play what John wishes, instead of what you wish. You must not take your wheelbarrow from

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Willie when he comes to see you, and say it is your wheelbarrow, and you want it. You can have the wheelbarrow when Willie is gone. While he is here, be unselfish. Be like Jesus. See how happy it makes Willie to wheel those sticks along. How bright his face looks! How like a man he steps! It would not make you half so happy to wheel them yourself as to see him.

You must not take your picture book of animals from Alice. Let her look at it. Bring it to her yourself, and say, "See, Alice, what a beautiful book I have got." Let her sit on the floor and turn over the leaves herself. See how pleased she is. Tell her the names of the animals. Try to make her happy. Then

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You must not take the picture book from Alice. Let her sit on the floor and turn over the leaves herself.

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you will be happy yourself. You will be like Jesus.

Do not run away from your little brother, and say, "Mother, he is such a little boy he can't play with us. He spoils all the fun." Do not be cross when he runs after you, and speak unkindly to him. Let him go with you, and be gentle to him. How his little face brightens! How dearly he loves you! Try to please him instead of yourself. It will make you very happy. Think what Jesus would do. Would he leave his little brother or sister to grieve and cry alone? No, he was unselfish; he would please the little one, and not himself.

If you will always try to make others happy, you will always be happy yourself.

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JESUS WAS PATIENT.

"PLEASE, mother, get me my slate," says Freddie. He asks very properly, but his mother has just taken the baby, and cannot get up this moment. Freddie must wait. He goes away, and in a few minutes he comes again. "Do get my slate, mother; I want it now." "Be patient, Freddie," says his mother; "I will get it as soon as I can." But Freddie is not patient. He is not willing to wait. He begins to cry. He is not like Jesus. Jesus would have waited patiently and quietly till his mother was quite ready.

Lucy comes running into the parlor,

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where her mother is sitting with visitors, to ask if she may go out to walk. It is not polite to interrupt those who are talking, and Lucy stops and waits. She is in great haste. Emma is standing at the door till she shall come down. But Lucy can be patient, and she stands quietly at her mother's side till she has done speaking, and then says, softly, "Mother, may I walk up the street with Emma?" Lucy is patient. She is like Jesus.

I saw Ellen sewing not long since. A knot came in her thread. At first she tried to get it out; but then her face grew red, and she twitched the thread, and broke it, and looked very disagreeable and cross. Ellen was not patient. She was not like Jesus.

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George has the toothache. The toothache is very hard to bear. But George is very patient. He lays his head in his mother's lap, and tries not to cry. He gets his blocks and builds a house, hoping he shall forget the pain. He does not grow impatient, and troublesome, and fretful. He goes like a man to the dentist, and though it hurts him very much to have the tooth taken out, he bears it well. A few tears roll down his cheeks; but he wipes them away, and looks up smilingly to his mother, as she leads him home. George is patient, very patient. I think he has heard of Jesus, and wishes to be like him.

The Lord Jesus suffered, as all little children suffer, with various pains and

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uncomfortable feelings; but he was always patient. Probably he was often hungry; but he waited patiently for his food. If he had the ear-ache, he bore it manfully, and was not ill tempered. If he needed any thing done for him, he did not fret because he must sometimes wait. If he was doing any work, he was patient at it, and never threw it angrily down if it troubled him. He was patient at his lessons, and did not fret when he came to a hard word, nor cry because he could not find it out as soon as he wished.

When you are older you will learn how patient Jesus was when he grew to be a man. I can tell you something about it now. Jesus was always good, but wicked men hated him and abused him. Once

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they took off all his clothes, and whipped him with a cruel whip till the blood came and ran down his back. O, how it hurt him! and he did not deserve it. He never did any body any harm. He was always gentle and kind. It was wicked to hurt him so. But he was very patient. He did not complain. They put a crown of thorns upon his head, and the thorns pierced him, and the blood ran down his face. They laid him down on a cross, and drove sharp nails through his hands and feet, and then they planted it in the ground, and made him hang there. Words cannot tell what he suffered. O, how could they abuse him so dreadfully, who would not for any thing hurt them? Do you think he was patient then? Yes.

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He did not once complain. He was always patient.

Little children, try to be like Jesus. If you are sick, or in pain, think of him, and bear it patiently. Do not fret and be peevish. Keep down such feelings. Ask the Saviour to help you. He knows how you feel. If any thing troubles you, be patient. Patient children will always be loved much better than impatient ones. A fretting, crying, twitching child is extremely disagreeable and naughty. There are no such children in heaven.

It is hard to be in pain, but it makes it worse to be impatient. It is unpleasant to wait when we are in a hurry, but fretting does not make it easier. Difficult

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lessons are not pleasant; but they must be learned, and the only way is to work patiently at them. Impatience will not help at all. Little children, be patient.

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"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

JESUS was benevolent. That is a long word. What does it mean? We shall see. When Jesus saw any one in trouble, he always did what he could to help them. He went about, doing good. Once, when he was passing along the road, a poor blind man, hearing the steps of the people going by, asked who it was. A man told him it was Jesus. Then he called out aloud, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The man told him to be still, and said Jesus would not wish to be hindered. But Jesus heard him, and kindly stopped to ask him what he wished. "Lord, that I might receive

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my sight," said the poor blind man. It is dreadful to be blind, and not able to see the bright sun and beautiful flowers, nor ever to look in the faces of dear friends. Jesus was sorry for the poor man, and he cured him of his blindness, and made him see.

Another time he saw a poor sick and lame man, who could not rise from his bed. He had lain there a great many years. He could not walk nor work. Jesus said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And when the man said, "Yes," he gave him strength so that he rose from his bed and walked away to his home. Jesus was benevolent.

Sometimes he went to a town to spend the night, and the people would bring all

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the sick, and blind, and lame, they could find, and he would heal them all. He loved to see how happy they were. It made him glad to do them good. He was benevolent.

Once, a father who had a sick little girl came to him and begged him to go and see her and cure her. She was so sick they thought her dying, and her father and mother were very sad at parting with her. They would be very lonely without her. Jesus was sorry for them. He went to the bedside and found she was dead; but he took hold of her hand and gave her strength, and she sat up in the bed, and soon grew quite well. And no one was more happy than Jesus, who had done so much for them all.

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Can little children be benevolent? Yes; every little girl and boy can do some good. You cannot do exactly as Jesus did. You cannot give sight to the blind, nor heal the sick. But you can do a great many things for their comfort. If your mother is sick you can read to her; or you can stand by her bed, and be ready to do a message for her; or brush the flies away; or fan her. If you are too small to do these things, you can keep very still, and walk very softly. The sick do not like a noise. It disturbs them. Speak softly and step lightly when your father or mother is sick. That will be benevolent. If your brother or sister has the headache, do not jump about the room. Do not sing. Do not

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pound. Do not drive horse. Be quiet; you will be like Jesus then, because you will be benevolent.

You cannot make the blind see, as Jesus did. But you can comfort them. If you know a blind man, or woman, or child, you can speak kindly and cheerfully to them. You can give them your hand, and show them where to go. You can read to them. You can tell them what *you* see. You can sing to them. You can pity them. Then you will be like Jesus.

You cannot make the lame walk. But you can walk for them. Some little children have a lame father or mother. If your mother is lame, you can go up and down stairs for her. You can run into

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the garden and do her messages for her. You can make yourself useful to her in a great many ways. You can make her very happy. She will call you her little errand girl. She will tell father that you are her little feet. It will make you happy to do good to your lame mother, and you will know that Jesus smiles upon you.

You cannot make the little girl well, who is sick down by the market. She lies in bed, and looks pale and coughs. She cannot play out of doors any more. She cannot go to the store for her mother, as she did last month. She will not live long. She is going home to heaven. You cannot cure her cough and make her well again. Only Jesus could do that.

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But you can go and see her, and let her know you would like to make her happy. You can carry her some of your books. You can show her your dolly. She had a dolly when you saw her last. You can carry her some nice baked apples. Perhaps she likes flowers, and she cannot go out to see them. You can tell her of all the beautiful things you saw on the way to her house. You can sing to her. You can tell her stories about "Susey," or "Freddy and the cherries." She will love to hear you, and it will comfort her as she lies in her bed. She loves Jesus very much, and she knows she is soon going to see him. Sing "There is a happy land," to her, or, "I want to be an angel;" and tell her you hope you shall go to heaven,

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too, and see her there some day. If you are kind to her, you will also comfort her poor mother. Poor woman! she is very sad. She has only one little girl, and soon she will have none. She is willing Jesus should take her dear little daughter to live with him in the beautiful sky; but she will be very lonely without her. She wishes to have her go home to heaven, and never be sick nor sorrowful any more. She knows she will be an angel soon, and have a golden harp. But it will be sad to live without the little treasure she has loved so dearly. Comfort the sick little girl and her mother. Be benevolent. Do as Jesus would do.

There are a great many little children

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in the world who are very ignorant. They cannot read the Bible. They have never heard of God or heaven. They are not happy. Can we do any thing for them? Yes; we can send them some books.

Save your pennies to buy books for the little heathen children.

There are a great many poor little children that are cold and hungry, and have no good home and warm fire. When you are old enough, you can carry them some clothes and some wood, if your mother will allow you. Little girls can learn to knit and sew, and knit their stockings and mittens, or make their dresses and aprons. Should you not be very happy to give a pair of warm mittens to a poor

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little child with cold, aching fingers? That would be doing as Jesus would do, and he would smile on you. Little children can be benevolent.

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Alice sat down by the cradle with a book in her hand to read.

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JESUS WAS FAITHFUL.

"TAKE good care of your little brother, Alice. I am going out to do some errands, and shall not be home for an hour; and I shall trust to you to see that Eddie does not fall and get hurt, nor put any thing into his mouth which he ought not. Amuse him and be kind to him." Alice said, "Yes, mother, I will take good care of him. Dear little fellow! nothing shall harm him."

Mrs. Moreton went away, and Alice sat down by the cradle with a book in her hand to read till Eddie should wake. She sat so still, and was so careful not to disturb him, that you would not have

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known any body was in the room. At last he began to stir, and stretch, and open his eyes, and talk in his baby way, and was very happy after his refreshing sleep. Alice had heard her mother say that she liked to have Eddie lie still as long as he would in his cradle; so she did not take him up till he began to cry and want his mother. Then the little girl lifted him up, and tried to amuse and comfort him. She carried him to the window. She gave him his rattle. She sung, and danced, and laughed, and when he would still be unhappy, and did not stop crying, she put him in his little wagon and drew him around the veranda. Not a moment did she leave him; nor did she complain, though she found

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it no easy task to take care of him. One of her little playmates came in and asked her to go to the fields to gather strawberries, and said she could leave Eddie with the girl. But Alice said, "No; my mother told me to take care of him myself, and I would not leave him for any thing." Alice was faithful. She did just as Jesus would have done. She could be trusted. Her mother confided in her, and was not disappointed. Jesus was pleased with her. She was faithful to her trust.

"Remember your promise, Mary," said Anna to her sister, as she got into the carriage, — "remember your promise." Mary is going away from home to be gone a year, and she has promised her sister

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Anna that she will read a chapter in the Bible every day, and write her a letter every Tuesday. She is going to stay with her aunt Fanny and several little cousins, and going to school, and she expects to be very happy. The carriage rolls along very fast, and soon Mary is at her aunt's house, and Susan, and Emily, and Frank come running out to say, "Here she is! Here she is! O, I am so glad! How do you do, cousin Mary? Have you really come to stay with us a whole year?"

Mary's aunt has given her a little room all by herself, which she is to take care of, and call her own. Her trunk is carried to it, and Mary soon takes out her clothes, and puts them nicely in the

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bureau drawers. On a small table in one corner of the room she lays her Bible, which dear sister Anna gave her, and her portfolio, in which are good pens, and beautiful paper, and envelopes, all ready, and Mary says to herself, "I will try and remember to come up here every morning and read, and here I will sit to write my letters home."

The next day was Saturday. There was no school. The children had planned a walk in the woods, and began to talk about it as soon as they were up. After breakfast they were busy making their preparations, and wished to start as soon as they could. Mary thought of her Bible, but there seemed to be no time to read it then. So she said to herself, "I

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will read the chapter when I get home." They went to the woods, and did not get home till dinner time. After dinner some little girls from the next house came in to play with them; and though Mary thought again of her promise and her Bible, she did not like to go away from such pleasant company, and she said, "I will read it when they are gone." But they played a long time, and the little girls did not go till tea was ready; and after tea uncle Henry had prayers. Then it was time to go to bed. Mary bade "good night," and went to her little room. She was very tired. Her feet ached with her long walk, and her eyes would hardly keep open. She had forgotten her promise, till, just as she was

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getting into bed, she saw her little Bible on the table. She put her shawl around her, and sat down and tried to read, but her eyes kept shutting, and she could not see the words. She got sadly into bed. That day she had not been faithful. She had broken her promise. She had not learned of Jesus. He would have read the chapter early in the morning. He would have told his little cousins he could not get ready to go to walk quite yet.

The next morning Mary woke early. There was no one up in the house. But the sun was shining brightly, and the little birds singing sweetly. Mary remembered how unfaithful she was yesterday, and she thought, "This is the best time

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to read. No one is up. I shall not be disturbed. I will get up every morning and read my Bible before breakfast, and then I shall be sure to fulfil my promise." So she jumped out of bed, and knelt down to ask the Lord that he would forgive her, and help her to be a faithful child. She knew she was apt to forget, and that she loved to play; and she was afraid if he did not help her, she should often fail of doing right. From that time Mary was able to be faithful. Almost always she was up early, and read her chapter in the quiet morning; but if she ever slept till breakfast time, she went up stairs as soon as breakfast was done. She wrote a little every Tuesday to her sister; and because she trusted in

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the Lord Jesus, and prayed daily to him, he was always near her and helped her.

Mary was once unfaithful; but after that she was always faithful. She kept her promises, and every body who knew her, knew they could believe and trust her.

When you are older you will read in the Bible a great deal about being faithful. Ask your mother to tell you about Daniel, who, "because he was found faithful" to his duty, was made a prince and ruler in the land, by the king; and because he was faithful to pray every day, was saved from the lions by his God. Ask her to read about Abraham, "the father of the faithful," and Moses, and the three men who were put in the fiery furnace.

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Jesus was faithful. A great trust was committed to him. All the souls of all men were given to him to bless and save, and he was faithful to his trust.

Thousands of years ago he promised to come from heaven to this world to teach and to save men; and he came. Heaven is a great deal pleasanter than earth. But he did not stay in heaven. He kept his promise. Nobody in this world knew him when he first came, and he never had many to love him. He often thought of his home, and of his Father in heaven. He could have gone back any time if he wished; but to have gone back before his work was done, would have been to be unfaithful. He would not break his promise. In heaven he never suffered: he was never in pain,

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nor any distress. But here he had to suffer a great deal. He was hungry and sick sometimes, and tired, and had many long journeys to take, and unpleasant things to do. If he would have gone back to heaven, he might have been perfectly well and happy again. But that would have been unfaithful.

If you had made a promise, do you think you should always keep it? Should you keep it if a man told you he would kill you? Jesus kept his promise, though wicked men killed him because he would not break it. He was "faithful unto death."

Jesus was faithful to his friends. Those whom he had once loved he always loved. He loved his mother when

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he was a little baby, and he loved her when he was a man. When he was hanging on the cross, and knew that he was going to die, and leave this world, he thought of his mother, and was a faithful son. He spoke to one of his friends, and told him to be a son to his mother and comfort her, and he looked lovingly and pityingly on her, and asked her to let John be her son. He knew she would be lonely and sad when he was gone, and he wished to provide for her and cheer her.

Learn to be faithful, little children. Always fulfil a trust. Always keep your promises. Always cling to your friends.

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JESUS WAS PERSEVERING.

To persevere is to keep on doing what we have begun to do until we finish it.

Little Emily wishes to learn to sew. Her aunt has given her a nice work basket, with scissors, and thimble, and a needle book full of needles, and some beautiful little pieces of calico for patch-work. Emily is delighted. She carries the little basket round in her hand, and shows it to all her friends, and talks very fast and very earnestly about the sewing she shall do when she has learned. She begs her mother, day after day, to teach her. At last her mother finds time, and

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Emily brings her basket and sits down in her little chair, and waits as patiently as she can, while her mother bastes her work, and gets ready for her to begin. She is so eager and earnest she really thinks she shall be able to make an apron to-morrow. Her mother says, "Now, Emily, I will teach you a while every morning, and if you are persevering you will soon learn." Emily says, "O, yes, mother, I will come every morning, and I know I shall learn." The first day she tries, and is diligent. The next day she wants to put by her work sooner. The third day she grows impatient, and frets, and does not want to learn to sew; and at the end of a week her basket is forgotten, and she has given up her sewing les-

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sons. Emily is not persevering. She is not like Jesus. He does not smile on her.

Susan has found two knitting needles and some yarn, and she says, "Please, mother, teach me to knit." Susan's mother is very glad when her little girl wishes to learn any thing useful, and she says, "Yes, I will teach you; but it is tedious work for little girls to learn to knit, and you will have to be very patient, and try a long time." Susan stands by her mother's side, and attends to all she says, and does just as she bids her. She is soon tired though, and the needles make her fingers ache. So her mother bids her put them in the drawer, and she will give her another lesson to-morrow, and promises her that if she will

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be diligent and learn well, she shall knit a pair of stockings for her baby brother. Susan remembers and brings her work to her every day, and keeps on trying. Sometimes it seems very irksome — sometimes she thinks she shall never learn — sometimes she wishes very much to go out and slide; but she will not give up. At last she has learned so well that her mother begins the baby's stocking. Then Susan works more diligently than ever. Every day she knits a piece, till at last she sees her little brother's feet in the nice, warm stockings, which she has knit with her own hands. Susan is persevering. She is like Jesus. He loves to have such little girls for his lambs.

Johnny's father intends he shall go to

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college. He hopes he will be a judge or a minister some day. But if John is going to college, he must learn to read and spell, and a great many more things, and be a good scholar. It is tiresome work for some little boys to learn. They are full of fun and play. They do not like to sit down to their books.

John says, "Yes, father, I will study diligently, and try to be an excellent scholar." And he does try for a few days; but then he grows tired, and frets, and wishes he did not have to study, and wishes he could play, and says he does not care if he is a dunce. John is not persevering. He is not like Jesus. He must do better. He must pray for a better spirit. He must study every day

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some, and then play. So John will grow like Jesus.

Jesus came down from heaven to teach men how to mind God and please him; and he staid here a great many years, obeying God himself, and teaching others. He did not grow tired, and give up his work. He persevered till it was done. He came to do good to the poor and suffering; and all his life long he went about doing good. He made a great many sick people well, and comforted a great many who were sad. If he was weary, he did not stop doing good. Once, when he had been walking a long way, he sat down by a well, tired and hungry, and his disciples went to get something for him to eat. A poor, ignorant woman

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came to the well to get water, and Jesus began to teach her about God and heaven; and he did not eat his dinner, when it came, until he had taught her all he wished.

But the greatest reason why Jesus came to this world was, that he might die on the cross to save our souls; and he did not go back to heaven till he had done this. You will understand it better when you are older, and then you will learn how persevering he was. Long years he staid here, away from his home in the beautiful sky, and suffered a great many hardships; but he did not give up the work which he had begun. He persevered until he could say, "It is finished;" and then he went back to heaven.

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Try to be like Jesus. Persevere in doing good. When you begin a thing, work on till it is complete. If you have begun to try to be like Jesus, do not be discouraged. Try more and more every day, praying to him to help you; and at last you will be like him, and live in heaven with him.

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JESUS WAS KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

SARAH H. came with her mother and aunts to visit me last night. She is a little girl, but her good mother has taught her to be kind, and thoughtful of the comfort of those around her. I was standing talking to a lady, and did not see any one behind me till I heard Sarah's pleasant voice saying, "Here is a chair, Mrs. M. It will tire you to stand." It was very kind in Sarah to bring me the chair. Most little girls would not have thought of it. But I believe Sarah is always kind. I see her often, and she seems always watching for opportunities to do something for the

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comfort of others. She is learning of Jesus, and he calls her one of his little lambs.

A few days since little Lucy's mother was lying on the bed asleep. She did not feel well. Her head ached badly, and she had lain down, hoping a little sleep would cure it. Lucy came up stairs, and ran into her mother's room. I expected she would stop when she saw her mother sleeping, and go very softly away. But instead of this, she went to the bed side and tried to open her mother's eyes, and said, in a loud voice, "Mother — mother dear! wake up!" Lucy loves her mother very much; but she was not kind to her that day. Jesus was always kind to *his* mother. He

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would have gone directly out of the room, and shut the door gently, and stepped quietly. Perhaps he would have looked at his mother a few minutes. I do not know but he would have kissed her very softly, for no son ever loved his mother so well as Jesus. But I know he would not have made any noise, but would have done all he could to keep the house quiet.

Little Annie sat on the floor trying to build a house of blocks. She was a very little girl, only three years old, and she did not know much about building houses. But she had put one block on another until she had made quite a high pile. She thought it wonderfully pretty, and was asking her mother to look at it,

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when her brother Henry came in, and knocked it down with his foot. Annie began to cry, and his mother spoke sternly to him. He said he only did it for fun. But Henry was not kind. He was not at all like Jesus. He could not live in heaven if he did such things.

Susan, and Emily, and Mary were sitting together in the nursery sewing for their dollies. They were all very happy until Susan began whispering to Emily something which she would not let Mary hear. They whispered together a long time, and laughed, and seemed very much pleased about what they were saying, while Mary sat alone and uncomfortable. Susan and Emily were not kind.

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If they had any thing to say to each other only, they should have waited till Mary was gone. It was very unkind to treat her so. I am sure Jesus is always displeased with such conduct. He would have us never do any thing which would make any body feel hurt and sad.

After a while Mary began to cry; and then the two little girls thought they had done wrong; and they were sorry, and told Mary if she would forgive them they would not do so again. But Mary was angry, and displeased, and would not forgive them, but went pouting away.

Now, *Mary* was unkind. *She* was not like Jesus. If he had been there, he would have said to them all, "Be ye kind, tender hearted, forgiving one an-

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other, as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Jesus was always kind. He had a loving heart, and never in his whole life did any thing to grieve his parents, or brothers and sisters. He never spoke unkind words. He never did disagreeable and unpleasant things. He was considerate. That is, he tried to find out what would please his friends, and then to do it. Almost the last thing he did before he went to heaven was to provide for his mother's comfort. He remembered to be kind to her when he was dying on the cross. There are a great many ways to be unkind. If you wish to be like Jesus, you must try always to obey a rule which he

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has given us, and which he always obeyed himself. It is called "the golden rule." It is this: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

You like to have others kind to you; be always kind to them. Ask your mother to teach you ways of being kind. If a lady comes to your mother's house on a warm day, and is tired, go and bring a glass of cold water. That will be a kind act. Do not wait to be told. Think of it yourself. That will be considerate. When your father comes home at night, go and bring his slippers for him, and stand by his chair, and be ready to do any thing he wishes. You will be kind to your father then. He likes to have his newspaper

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ready. Think every day to lay it in his chair. When you see your mother pale and tired, ask her if you cannot do something for her. Ask her to let you take the baby. Tell her you will amuse him if she will rest a while. That will be kind to your mother. Answer your little sister's questions, and untie the knots in her strings, and comfort her little heart when something has troubled her. Jesus will see you, and he will be pleased. Be kind to every body; but especially be kind to old people. They will soon be gone out of the world. They have not many comforts. Do all you can to cheer and make them happy. Speak respectfully to them. If you have a nice ap-

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ple or pear, carry it to the oldest lady or gentleman you know. Little children can learn to be very kind, and every body will love them.

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JESUS WAS CONTENTED.

"MOTHER, Maggie's baby house is prettier than mine," says little Lucy, with a grieved lip, and tears rolling over her cheeks. "Will you get one like hers, with nice carpets on the floors, and pretty paper on the walls?"

Little Lucy is not contented. She is not like Jesus. She will have to cry a great many times in her life, if she does not learn better than this.

Let me tell little Lucy about Jesus. You have often read, or your mother has told you, that he was born in a stable, and his only cradle was a manger. You can repeat the verse, —

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"Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

He did not have so many comfortable things as you have. His father and mother were poor, and had no money to buy nice things for him. When he was a little boy he often saw other children playing with pretty toys which he could not have, and dressed in clothes a great deal better than he ever wore. Do you think this made him unhappy? Do you think he went crying to his mother to say, "Mother, John and James have beautiful playthings. Why cannot I have some? Thomas is dressed in very nice clothes. I wish you would get me

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some." No; he never cried for any such thing. He knew his father and mother were poor. He knew God would be as well pleased with little boys in plain clothes, as with those who were finely dressed. He went to his home and played with his few little playthings, and perhaps a stick for a horse, and was contented and happy. He saw a great many beautiful houses, while he lived in a poor one; and children riding in fine carriages, while he had to walk. Every day he saw somebody who had better and prettier things than he could have. But he did not cry, and complain, and make his mother unhappy. He thought of all his comforts, of his dear parents, and brothers and sisters, and he was contented.

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When he grew to be a man, he was still very poor. He did not always have enough to eat, and he had no home. I believe his father was dead, for you will remember his mother had no home when he died. He saw a great many rich people every day. He passed by their houses. But he had no house. Shall I tell you what he once said about this? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Do you think this made him unhappy? No; he went about from place to place preaching, and good people invited him to their houses, and he had many a comfortable night, although he had no bed of his own. There was one house where he often

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went, where lived two sisters called Martha and Mary, with their brother Lazarus. They loved Jesus very much, and he loved them. They lived in Bethany; and whenever Jesus went to Bethany, he stopped at their house, and Martha used always to get him a nice, comfortable supper, and they did every thing they could for him, because they knew he had no home. Sometimes he went to Peter's house. You have heard of Peter. Sometimes a rich man invited him to dinner. But still he had no home of his own. Do you think if you had seen him he would have looked unhappy and discontented? No; he knew he should soon go to heaven, to his beautiful home in the sky, and he was

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contented to depend on the kindness of others, while he lived here on earth.

Little children, learn to be contented. Every day you will perhaps see something which you will think pretty, and which you would like to have. But do not ask for many things. Do not fret because some little playmate has a prettier doll, or a nicer dress, or a more beautiful book, or a swifter sled than you. Remember Jesus, and be contented. If you do not try to learn this when you are small, you will be unhappy all your life; for unless you were the richest person in the world, you would always see somebody whom you would think happier than yourself. And even if you were the very richest man, and had money to buy every thing

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you liked, still there would be something to be discontented about; for you might be sick, and somebody else well, and so you would still be unhappy.

Always remember God gives us just as many good things as he thinks best, and he wishes us to be satisfied. He seems to give some persons more than he does others; but still we must be contented. You lie down every night on your good bed, but Jesus "had not where to lay his head;" yet he did not complain. Try to grow like him. So you will always be cheerful, and feel like singing, and God will bless you; and at last you will dwell in heaven with Jesus, and have every thing your heart can desire, and be perfectly happy forever.

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JESUS WAS COURTEOUS AND POLITE.

Do you wish to be loved, little children? Do you wish others to be glad when you come, and sorry when you go away? If you do, you must not only feel kindly to all around you, but you must *look* kindly, and *speak* kindly, and *act* kindly. Courtesy and politeness are the outward expressions of inward kindness. You do not understand that. Try to remember it though, for when you are older you will know what it means, and it will help you.

Jesus was courteous and polite. He had always a pleasant look upon his face — a *kindly* look. Every body was

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glad to see him. It seemed like the sunshine when he came in. His words were pleasant and gentle, and he did a great many pleasant things. He wished to have all around him happy, and he *looked* and *acted* as if he wished so.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong are sitting at the table, and the breakfast is all ready. "Ring the bell again, Betty," says Mrs. Strong. "I think the children did not hear." Betty rings loudly, and soon they begin to come: Charles, Henry, Bell, Sarah, and Ellen. "Be quick, children," says their mother. "It is late, and your father is in a hurry." They sit down at the table, and begin to talk cheerfully while they eat their breakfast — all but Ellen; her face is not pleasant at all. I

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do not know what is the matter with her. She is not sick. She slept well last night, and the sun shines brightly this morning; and the breakfast is good; and all around her are kind and happy. But there Ellen sits, looking glum — saying nothing, and seeming to wish nobody would speak to her. Ellen is not polite. Perhaps she feels kindly to her dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and is glad to see them so happy this morning; but she does not *look* as if she did. She looks as if she did not love them at all. Jesus would not sit there with such a disagreeable face. Do not you ever look like that, little children. When you are disagreeable you are not like Jesus. Teach your little

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faces better. Make a smile come even if you do not feel like smiling, so that those around you may not be made uncomfortable. Ellen's father looks at her, and then her mother, and then Charles, and Henry, and the girls. They wonder what ails her. They are not half as happy as they would be if she looked pleasant. No; Ellen is not polite. Wherever you are, try to have a pleasant look on your face if you wish to be polite.

"I say I did do it."

"I say you did not."

"Do you think I do not know? I say I did, and I shall keep saying it till night."

O, what unpleasant sounds! Where can they come from? George and Rob-

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ert are contradicting. Did you ever hear children contradict? It is very impolite. It is just the same as telling people they do not speak the truth. Never, never do you do any thing so rude. If you wish to be like Jesus you will teach your tongue better than this. If Martha or John says any thing which you do not think correct, do not contradict them. Be polite. Say, "I think you mistake;" or, "Are you quite sure it is so?" or, "I think it is different." Speak always politely. Try to have a pleasant, gentle voice, and speak pleasant words. Do not tell Mary that Susan has a prettier baby house than she has. If you think so, do not say so. It will make Mary feel badly. It will not be polite. You need say noth-

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ing about it unless you are asked. If Mary asks you which is the prettiest, then you must speak the truth; but speak it in a pleasant, polite way, as if you did not wish to hurt her feelings. Remember Jesus. He never said a disagreeable nor impolite thing.

When you are at the table do not find fault with the food. Never say, "This bread is not good; I do not like this tea; Mrs. Johnson has very nice cakes — a great deal better than these." Such speeches are very impolite. Learn while you are small to be polite at table; and never, unless you are asked, say any thing about the food.

Speak always politely and courteously to those who are older than yourselves.

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Do not say "Yes," and "No," to gentlemen and ladies. Do not talk much and loudly in their presence. You are young, and do not know as much as they. There will be time enough for you to talk when you are older, and know better what to say. Listen, that you may learn. Speak when you are spoken to; not in a rude or boisterous manner, but gently and politely.

Act politely. Little children can be very polite. Rise and place a chair for a gentleman or lady who may come into the room. Close the window if you see any one is annoyed by the air or sun. Get a foot-stool for the old lady who sits in the easy chair. Hand a newspaper to the gentleman who is waiting

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in the parlor for your father to come home. Stand behind your mother's chair, when she has company, ready to do any little thing you can to help her. Carry your sister's parcel for her, and shade the light from your brother's weak eyes.

Never do impolite things. I have seen a man, who called himself a gentleman, when a dish of apples was passed round, take up one after another and put it down, looking them all over, and at last pick out the largest and best for himself. It was a very impolite act. I am afraid he did not begin when he was a little boy to be gentlemanly. Jesus would never have done such a thing.

There are polite things to be said and done every day, and impolite ones to be

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avoided. Your parents will be telling you constantly what they are. Try to remember and do all they say. Be kind and unselfish in your heart, and act it out in courtesy and politeness, and it will be said of you, as of Jesus, "He grew in favor both with God and man."

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JESUS WAS PROMPT AND PUNCTUAL.

THERE is an old saying, that, "If you lose an hour in the morning, you may run all day and you cannot catch it." It means that if you lie in bed, instead of getting up early to do your work, you will be in a hurry all day, and then not accomplish much. Grown people understand this better than children. But children must learn.

I suppose you wonder what it is to be prompt and punctual. To be prompt is to do things just when you ought to do them. To be punctual is to be at school or at home the very moment you ought to be there. If your mother has given

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you a piece of work to do immediately after breakfast, and you put it off till after dinner, you will not be prompt. If your father tells you to go to the store, and be there at eight o'clock, if you wait till eleven you will not be punctual.

Nothing is more pleasing than to see little children begin, when they are children, to be prompt and punctual. We always expect they will grow up to be very useful. All good fathers and mothers try to teach their children this.

Fanny is a little girl, not quite five years old. Her mother wishes very much to see her some time a useful woman, and she teaches her a great many things, now she is small, which she hopes she will remember when she is grown. Every

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morning, after breakfast, Fanny is to knit six times across her knitting work, while her mother is working about the house. After that they sit down together, and her mother reads to her a Bible story, hears her repeat a verse, and teaches her to pray. Then comes a little boy from the next house, to learn a lesson with Fanny, and they have a little school.

Now, if Fanny is not prompt and punctual, a great many troublesome things will happen. If she loiters and does not get her knitting work as soon as breakfast is over, or if she is slow at it, playing and talking instead of knitting, the time will slip away before she knows it. She will not be ready for the Bible story, and the little boy will come, and

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Fanny's Mother teaches her to pray.

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Fanny will be still knitting, and she will feel very bad, and the tears will come in her eyes, because there is so much to do before she can go to play, and she will think knitting very tedious work. If, however, Fanny is prompt and punctual, all will be pleasant. She will get her work as soon as breakfast is over. She will knit diligently, and her task will soon be finished. She will have heard the reading, and learned her verse, and done all she ought, long before school time, and perhaps have a good walk in the garden with her mother, or a ride with her father. She will be glad to know how to knit, and think it very pleasant work.

If little children are prompt and punctual, they are like Jesus, and they will

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always find time for both work and play, and will be much happier than those who linger and loiter.

Jesus was prompt and punctual. I have told you before that his mother never had to call him twice. He always came promptly. If he had any work to do, you would have found him beginning at exactly the right time. If he said he would be in any place at a certain hour, he was always there. If we are not prompt we cannot do all our work. We shall neglect something. If we are not punctual we shall keep others waiting, and waste their time as well as our own.

Jesus had said he would be in Jerusalem, ready to die upon the cross, when he was thirty years old. The day — the

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very hour was set. He knew from the beginning when it would come. He had quite a long journey to take. Ask your mother to show you on the map where Jesus was, when the time came for him to start on this sorrowful journey. He was in Galilee. No one knew but himself just when he must go, and when he must be in Jerusalem. It was sorrowful for him to think of leaving his disciples and his mother, and hard, very hard, for him to go to a place where he knew he must suffer so much. He might have lingered and loitered by the way, and put off this sad work. But no; he was always ready to do his duty, at the right moment; and when the time came, the Bible says, "He steadfastly set his face to

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go to Jerusalem." No pleasant sight that he saw on the road could detain him. His own dear mother could not have kept him. He did not for one moment forget what he ought to be doing.

He was always prompt to do good wherever he was, as well as prompt to go where he ought. On his way to be crucified he passed through Samaria. As he came to a certain village ten men met him, who were lepers. Your sister will tell you what lepers are, and all about them. These poor men had not been to their houses for a long time. They could not see their wives nor their little children. When they saw Jesus they stood afar off, for they could not come near him, and lifted up their voices, and said, "Jesus, master, have

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mercy on us." Do you think he said, "I am going a journey; I cannot stop"? No; he healed them immediately, and went his way. When the time appointed for his trial came, he was there, all ready for the work which God had given him to do. He was punctual in the last act of his life.

"Do with thy might what thy hand findeth to do," the Holy Book directs, and I hope you will remember it. If your mother bids you do any thing, do not be slow and tardy about it. If you have any work to perform, or any lesson to learn, do not be slow about them. Remember Jesus. Be prompt and punctual.

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JESUS WAS CONSCIENTIOUS.

ANOTHER long word! Do you think you shall ever learn what it means? O, yes, very soon, when I have explained it to you. Have you read the child's paper, the story of Jerry and the voice? You remember Jerry wished God would speak to him as he did to little Samuel; and his mother told him, if he would listen sometimes, when he felt inclined to do any thing wrong, he would hear God speaking in his heart. You remember he went to the closet to get an apple, and saw the nice cake, and wished for a piece; but a voice whispered to his thoughts, "Jerry touch it not;" and Jerry shut the

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cupboard door, and went directly away without taking a bit. Jerry was conscientious. He did what was right. He did as Jesus would have done.

There is a voice that whispers in every little child's heart, when he is going to do wrong, and bids him not do it; and if he obeys that voice, he is conscientious.

I once knew a little girl, who had been forbidden ever to go out of her father's gate without permission. Her father had a large, pleasant yard. There was a wood pile in it, and a great many pretty places could be found to play in. And there were chickens and kittens running about; and there was a nice barn near, where the sweet hay was put, and where the horses stood always eating.

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This little girl's mother told her she might play wherever she chose in the yard and in the barn, but she must not go out at the gate. One day this little girl walked slowly down the walk, and began to swing upon the gate. Then she looked up and down the road, and wished she could go out. She thought it looked pleasanter outside than in the yard. She stood a long time thinking and wishing. But a voice whispered, "Do not go. Your mother told you not." Once she opened the gate wide, and stepped down; but the voice spoke more earnestly to her thoughts: "It is not right. Do not go." And the little girl obeyed the good voice, and shut the gate, and went skipping back to the wood pile. She was consci-

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entious. She had done right. She was like Jesus; and he helped her and blessed her all her life, because she began when she was a little girl to do right.

Little Sarah's mother sent her one morning to do an errand at a neighbor's house. Sarah often went of errands for her mother, and she was always bidden to come directly back, and not stop any where without permission. She knew what was right, and generally she did right. One of her little playmates lived in the house where she was sent, the morning of which I am speaking; and when Sarah saw Emma, and her baby house, she wished very much to stay a little while and play with her. She knew it was not right. The kind voice spoke

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to her thoughts, and told her better; but she did not listen. She took off her hood, and sat down on the floor, and began to play. She was not happy. Still there was trouble in her thoughts. But she said, "I will only stay a few minutes, and mother will not care." Sarah was not conscientious. She was not like Jesus. He was displeased with her.

See those boys sliding on the ice. They have been forbidden to go there. But their father and mother have gone a journey. They will never know that the boys have disobeyed them. Are those boys conscientious? No; if they were they would do right always, whether any body knew it or not. God always sees us, and he makes our thoughts tell us

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what is right. We should always obey his voice in our hearts.

Never do things when your mother is away which you would not do if she saw you. Do right always.

Jesus was conscientious. Not once in his whole life did he do that which the voice in his heart forbade. When he was a little boy his mother knew he would not do wrong whenever she left him. He would not touch things not allowed. He never went to places which she had forbidden. If he had work to do, he did it just as well as if she was by to see. He never said words which he did not like to have his mother hear. He remembered that God could see and hear, and he wished to please him.

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He grew up conscientious; and I suppose a great many little children learn to do right because he did. Now Jesus is in heaven. But he sees all little children. He knows who try to be like him, and with such he is pleased.

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JESUS WAS PRUDENT AND CAREFUL.

Do you know who made you, little child? who gave you eyes to see with? feet that you might walk? who gives you strength to use your limbs? and health to enjoy all the good things you have?

God gave you all these, and he expects you will take care of them. God provides you food. He makes the grain to grow, and from grain bread is made. God provides you with clothes. He made the sheep that gives you wool, and the plant on which the cotton grows. It is from his kindness you

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have a home to live in, and that all your wants are supplied.

God wishes you to be very careful of the things he has given you, because if you do not take care of them they will be lost or spoiled; and that would make you unhappy, and displease him. If you do not take care of your eyes they will pain you, and perhaps you will be blind. If you do not take care of your health you will be sick, and unable to go out, or enjoy any thing; and you cannot be as useful as if you were well. If you are not careful of your clothes and your books they will be soon spoiled. If your mother does not take care of the food it will be good for nothing; and if your father does not take care of the house it will go to

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ruin. We have nothing which we can neglect; and it is never right to be wasteful or imprudent.

Jesus was always careful and prudent. He lived a great many years in this world to show us what God would have us do — what God would do himself if he was here. He took care of every thing that was given him. His mother never had to call him a careless child. He was careful of his clothes and his books. He was prudent, and did not wilfully do any thing to injure his health. He was not wasteful. He did not leave his food on his plate to be thrown away because it did not suit him, nor put things in the fire which might be useful to others, or which any animal could

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eat. He taught his disciples to be careful, and he teaches us to be so.

Once he was preaching out in the fields to a great many people. There were fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and little babies all around him, listening to his pleasant words. He preached a long time, and they all began to be hungry; but they were away from any houses, and there was no place near where they could get any thing to eat. Jesus was sorry for them. He spoke to his disciples, and asked them what they had in their baskets. They said, five loaves of bread and two small fishes. That was not enough for themselves. What could they do? The poor little children were crying, and their fathers

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and mothers felt badly too. Jesus knew what he would do. He told them all to sit down on the green grass; and he lifted up his hands and gave thanks to God for food. Then he told his disciples to take a piece of bread and a piece of fish to every one. How could they, when there was so little? Jesus was God as well as man, and he could have turned a stone into bread if he chose. He made bread and fish enough for all those hungry people, as they all ate a good supper, and were very happy. But though Jesus could make bread from nothing, he would not allow any to be wasted. He told his disciples to go round, after the people had done eating, and pick up all the pieces

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that were left, and put them into their baskets, to be eaten another time. I wish you would learn his words, and remember them when you are inclined to be wasteful: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

Try to be prudent and careful. Do not fret when your mother bids you put by your story book at twilight because of your eyes. Do not be cross because she wishes you to take care of your teeth, and your hair, and your skin, and wishes you to put on your thick shoes when you go out, and avoid taking cold. Do not pout, and push away your plate, and waste your food because you would like something different. God will call you

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to account for wasting the good things he has given you, and he will be displeased with you if you are not willing to learn to be like Jesus in carefulness and prudence.

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JESUS LOVED THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is God's book. His thoughts and his words are in it. Just what he wishes us to know about himself and ourselves, and all other things of which he has spoken. He does not speak to people now in a voice which they can hear. The only way in which they can learn his will and ways is, by studying the Bible. In it he tells us what he has been doing before we were born, and what he will do in days to come. He tells us he is our Creator, and keeps us alive; that he has sent us to live in this world a few years, and then we shall die. If we have loved him and obeyed him, he will then

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take us to live with him forever; but if not, he says he will never let us see his face.

All good people love the Bible. All good fathers and mothers teach their children to read it, and all good children love its sacred pages.

There was once a good little boy, who lived with his mother in an old-fashioned house, which had around the chimney a great many pictures, all of things the Bible tells us about. There was a picture of Moses looking at the burning bush, and Joseph's brethren selling him to the Ishmaelites, and Daniel in the lions' den, and many others. This little boy asked his mother a great many questions about these pictures, and they talked very often

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about them. He thought there was never such a wonderful book as the Bible, and loved no stories so well as Bible stories. He grew up a very good man, and studied and loved the Bible all his life, and did all he could to make it interesting to others. His name was Philip Doddridge. He wrote some beautiful hymns.

There was another little boy, who lived a great many hundred years ago, who had a good mother and a good grandmother. They loved him very much. What do you think they did for him? Did they get him a great many toys? Did they make nice things for him to eat? I cannot tell about that; but I know they taught him to love the Bible, and that God was pleased with him, and made him a very

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useful man, and he is remembered now, when almost all the little boys who lived when he did are forgotten — remembered because he knew and loved the word of God.

David loved the Bible. I can tell you some beautiful things he said about it. "O, how I love thy holy law! It is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are the rejoicing of my heart. More to be desired are they than gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

Jesus loved the Bible, and learned a great deal of it. He was once walking with two men who did not understand it very well, and they were astonished when he commenced at the beginning of it, and told them all they wished to know, and

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brought to their minds all they had forgotten. When some proud Pharisees were talking to him, who had read a great many other books, and thought they knew a great deal, he bade them "Search the Scriptures," and find out all they said about him. He thought no knowledge so true and excellent as that which could be gained from the Bible.

Nobody can know much about Jesus unless they study the Bible thoroughly. Do not be contented with reading it. His command is, *Search* the Scriptures, and that means *study*. Try to find out all you can about me. There is a great deal written about me; but nobody can find it all, unless they search for it.

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JESUS WAS PRAYERFUL.

To pray is to speak to God, to tell him we love him, to thank him for all he gives us, to tell him we are sorry when we do wrong, and beg his forgiveness, and to ask him for whatever we want.

God is our Father. He made us, and he loves us; and he loves to have us speak to him. It pleases the Lord when little Henry thinks of him as soon as he wakes in the morning, and says, —

"The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Doth wake me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy care alone
Thy little one doth keep.

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"All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side."

He will bless all little boys and girls who love him well enough to speak to him early in the morning, and who do not forget him during the day. I think he loved that little Mary very much, who said, "Mamma, may I say good morning to God?"

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said;
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

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It grieves our heavenly Father's heart when we do not speak to him, just as it grieves your mother when she thinks you do not love her. He likes to have us thank him for all the good things he gives us. You are taught that it is very impolite not to thank the lady who gives you a book or a toy, and it is a great deal worse not to thank God, who gives you more than any one else.

God gives you the sunshine which makes every thing so pleasant for you. Your father could not make the sunshine; and if God did not make it, we should be always in the dark. You ought to thank him very often for this bright and cheerful light. God makes the rain. Without rain nothing would grow, and we

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should have no bread, nor fruit, nor any thing to eat. You should thank God for rain. God gave you your parents, and your home, and all your comforts. Ought you not to love and thank him every day? He expects you will.

When you displease your mother, and she looks sorrowful, and cannot kiss you, nor take you in her lap, how badly you feel! How often you say, "I will never do so again — I do love you, dear mother!" and you cry bitterly, and think you can never be happy till your mother smiles again. God is displeased when you are disobedient, or untruthful, or when you forget to pray. He looks sorrowfully upon you, and his heart is trou-

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bled. He has prepared a beautiful home for you in the sky, and he wishes to take you there some day; but no disobedient, nor deceitful, nor wicked little children can live in that holy place; and when your heavenly Father sees you naughty, he is afraid you will never be fit to live with him, and he is disappointed and displeased.

But if you speak to him, and with tears in your eyes tell him you are sorry, and ask his forgiveness, and beg him to love you again, he will forgive you, and smile upon you, and you will feel a new happiness. Never forget to ask his pardon whenever you have done wrong, for Jesus Christ's sake.

He wishes also to have you tell him

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your wants. He is a kind Father. He loves to give his little children all they need. If you were hungry, and had no earthly father to give you food, you could kneel down and ask God, and he would give it to you. You would not see his hand reaching down from the skies, but he would send some of his children to supply your wants. Never be afraid to ask him for things you really need.

Ask your mother to tell you about Elijah, and how ravens were sent to feed him when there was a famine; and about the poor widow who had only a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil. God will never leave those to suffer who pray to him in their need, and who truly love him.

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But he is most pleased when you ask his help to be good. Sometimes, when you wake up in the morning, you think you will be very obedient to your mother all day, and will do nothing that would displease her. You love her very much, and you wish to please her. But after breakfast Willie comes and asks you to go out and play horse with him. You forget that your mother told you she wanted you up stairs, and away you run, and play horse a long time; or perhaps you are more naughty, and though you remember she is waiting for you, you still stay and play. Then you go in and find your dear mother sorry, and you are sorry, and you feel discouraged because you do not keep your resolutions better,

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Now, if you ask God every day to help you remember, and help you to be obedient, he will hear you, and help you, if you try yourself to do right.

Sometimes little children are tempted to speak what is not true. Sometimes they play with children who speak harshly, and indulge angry tempers, and they soon learn to do the same. You should pray every day that God will help you to avoid bad children, and not to learn their ways.

Pray for your friends too. Pray that God will take care of your father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, and all you love. Pray that he will make them like Jesus, and take them to heaven when they die. Pray that he will

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help you to do them good. Pray that your little sister may see you try to do right, and do right herself because you do. Pray for those little children who have no Bible, and have never learned about the Saviour and heaven.

"Enter into thy closet," the Bible says, "and shut the door, and pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This means that you must have some quiet place where you can speak to the Lord alone; and as soon as children are old enough they should find some such place. You can go to your own room, and shut the door, and kneel down by your bed; or you can have a little corner where you feel quiet,

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and which will always look pleasant to you, because it is the place where you speak to your best Friend. We may pray any where, but it is better to have one spot.

And when you lie down on your pillow at night, do not go to sleep without prayer. You say "good night" to your father and mother. Speak to your Father in heaven before your eyes close, and ask his protection and blessing, and tell him you love him.

Jesus was prayerful. He spoke to God a great many times in a day. He had a beautiful place where he went to pray. It was not in a house, for he had none. It was in a garden. There were a great many trees in this garden; and in a

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pleasant spot, where the leaves were very thick, and no one could see him, he told his Father all that was in his heart. Sometimes he went to the top of a very high mountain, and staid there all night praying — not coming down to eat any thing, nor even to sleep. You cannot be one of Jesus's lambs unless you love to pray. Those who love to pray here on earth will praise God in heaven; but no others.

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